

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Letter Concerning The Intellect"

Vinnie the chin, my mentor was Genovese
Prada kicks the same color as fettuccine
He tried to test his loyalty like Adebisi
Nothing in common with anyone who had it easy
This motherfucker talking guns when he had a BB
In the tomb of the vizier with Nefertiti
We honorable like we Tuskegee
Bear claws and a buckskin leather tipi
The hollow tips burn slow like they're pepperoncini
I'm with Broken Matt Hardy and the seven deities
Make salad so my soul will reset
He a plug so I let the fuckin' modem connect
Y'all got me confused like I givva give a fuck
What y'all consider being on the up I call beginner's luck
You's a small fry, Webster Papadopoulos
Everything from here on released from you is posthumous

Yeah, the Gucci luggage is a rusty brown
I need some fly shit to check into this dusty town
I told you I don't fuck around
I be in camouflage gore-Tex shorty in a lovely gown
It's not a home if its occupants died
He could take this fucking shot like his doctor prescribed
How the fuck it's logic to him if his logic is lies
With his miracle and Kabah and philosopher's eyes
Mulberry silk is the favorite fabric
Inshallah bring peace to the Asiatic
While your wife is a basic savage
Your body transported on wheels like a baby carriage
Disrespectful I will mush you in your face
Because disrespecting you is how I put you in your place
This ain't nothing new, everybody know you been a ho
Fiends here looking for the butter like a dinner roll